

Tulsa Daily World

Published by
WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY.
TULSA, OKLA.
JAMES L. LORTON, Editor.
JAMES L. LORTON, Business Manager.
NEW YORK OFFICE: 225 Fifth Avenue.
HARRY C. WHITFIELD, Manager.
CHICAGO OFFICE: 115 North Dearborn.
HARRISON M. FORD, Manager.
KANSAS CITY OFFICE: 206 Grand.
OSCAR W. DAVEN, Manager.

Member of the Associated Press.
Entered in the Tulsa Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Prices:
Payable in Advance.
Per Year: \$3.00.
Per Month: \$0.25.
Single Copies: 5 Cents.
Tulsa, Okla., Jan. 2, 1915.

TELEPHONE
Business Department: 1000.
Editorial Department: 1000.
Advertising Department: 1000.
City Editor: 1000.
Night Editor: 1000.
Printer: 1000.

STATEMENT OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE TULSA DAILY WORLD FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1914.

Table with 3 columns: Day, Circulation, Total.

Day	Circulation	Total
Nov. 1	12,550	12,550
Nov. 2	12,550	25,100
Nov. 3	12,550	37,650
Nov. 4	12,550	50,200
Nov. 5	12,550	62,750
Nov. 6	12,550	75,300
Nov. 7	12,550	87,850
Nov. 8	12,550	100,400
Nov. 9	12,550	112,950
Nov. 10	12,550	125,500
Nov. 11	12,550	138,050
Nov. 12	12,550	150,600
Nov. 13	12,550	163,150
Nov. 14	12,550	175,700
Nov. 15	12,550	188,250

Total number of papers printed and sent out by the Tulsa Daily World during the month of November, 1914, was 125,500. The number of papers actually received by the subscribers during the month was 125,500. The number of papers actually received by the subscribers during the month was 125,500.

458 DAYS
Have elapsed since the day on which the city administration, a month previously, definitely promised that it would furnish an ample supply of good drinking water through the city mains, and that promise has not been fulfilled.

One of the most comical reports of which the telegraph has been guilty lately was where it told of the error of south Texas bandits who sold up the occupants of a sleeping car and robbed them of something like ten thousand dollars, yet overlooked one man who had \$15,000 in his possession. Possibly the passengers did not think it funny, and the careless bandit probably failed to see the joke till yet, but it was immensely funny to the man who was overlooked. Let it be said, however, that he was a sport and a true gentleman, for he divided up his wealth with those who had been robbed, and all went on their way rejoicing together. There is no provision for a Carnegie hero medal to be awarded in a case of this kind, but there ought to be some means devised to mark the gallant act of this man Martinez, for there are all too few of such gentlemen in this selfish and grasping world.

Now comes the news of the bombardment of Dunkirk by a squadron of German air-fighters, and the reports indicate that these aerial visitors did serious damage. Dunkirk is on the French coast, not far from the Belgian line, uncomfortably near the English town of Dover, which a few days ago had a "lick and promise" visitation from the same sort of craft. It is interesting to read in this connection that France is assembling an air-fleet of large proportions, with all the latest improvements, and armed with formidable weapons, with which it is said they propose to "harry the war into" Germany. It is very reasonable, since all roads to the enemy's country on terra firma are blocked by those obstinate German troops, that they should look for an easier passage through the unmarked lanes of the air. In air battles, however, there are no sheltering trenches nor convenient tree stumps to hide behind—safety depends on your ability to shoot straighter and move faster than the other fellow. It will be interesting to watch the development of air-fighting in the near future. Perhaps those who pronounced aircraft as good for nothing but scouting duty may have occasion to change their opinions.

No sooner was a stable government apparently set up in Mexico than many Americans, most of whom had fled that country previously, rushed back to look after interests already begun or to seek new ones. Now that the political situation is worse mixed than ever, there is a probability that some of them will have to play the role of refugee a second time. Many of them had been assisted by the United States to reach safe territory, and some may expect that Uncle Sam will "come across" again if occasion arises. To

correct this impression the government at Washington has served notice on all whom it may concern that Mexico is not regarded as a healthy country to settle in, so that those who go there now do so at their own risk and will have to get out of the way of trouble the best they can without calling for any more help. It is astonishing to think of the risks the ordinary man will take when he thinks there is a dollar at the other end of the venture.

Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, gave utterance to some very good ideas at a meeting in Philadelphia Wednesday, when he discussed for a reform in the teaching of agriculture and natural science in the schools. He declared that the race would be injured by the trend to city life and indoor employment, adding that "country life development is one of the greatest of the present day humanitarian movements." Something should be done to help out the conditions of the farmer so that so large a percentage of ambitious country boys would not leave the crowded cities as the only place where a man could work out his destiny. He also pointed out the danger to society on the one hand of monopoly, the control of the necessities of life by a few men or combinations, and on the other hand of bureaucracy, the paternalism of a life controlled in all its details by the chosen official few. It is a kind of economic Scylla and Charybdis, which needs the ballast of a stalwart yeomanry to keep the ship of society in the safe channel. Of the two evils, he regards monopoly as the less dangerous, both because of the public benefits and because it can be more easily controlled. We are in an era of rebellion against monopolistic oppression—the danger is that we may go to the opposite extreme and the ourselves up in a paternal bureaucracy whose tyranny will be hard to break without recourse to civil war. It is a question, apparently, of patiently bearing the ill we have rather than "fly to those we know not of."

PERSONAL JOURNALISM AND ITS VICTIMS.

The Okmulgee Democrat complains about the personalities of Oklahoma pipe-line discussion and of journalism in Oklahoma in general. As David H. Hill once said: "It is always the worst crook in the bunch who turns state's evidence." So it is with the Okmulgee Democrat and with other papers in the state. It matters little who is the author of the articles. It matters little or nothing to the public who wrote the story so long as it is true. A fact is a fact any time and every time. The truth will prevail, no matter whether it is uttered by a drunkard in the gutter or by a preacher in a mahogany pulpit. No man with a decent regard for the ethics of his profession, no man with a decent regard for the conventions will visit upon the head of the individual the follies or the follies of a publication devoted to the public interest.

We are either right or we are wrong. We are either telling the truth or we are lying and it makes no difference to the man who reads the paper whether the statement was written by Benjamin Franklin or George Washington or the Apostle Paul. Its merit as a statement of fact is apparent and it can be known or ascertained in a day or a few days whether it is true or false. The man reeking with the filth of the gutter asserts that the sun shines. If it is not shining, what difference does it make? If it is shining, does the truth or falsity of the statement rest on the condition or the character of the man making the assertion? Not at all. Edgar Allen Poe was a notorious drunkard. Does that affect the merit of his poetry or of those wonderful tales of his?



Samuel Johnson was not only a drunkard but a gourmand and the first that affect the value of the first dictionary printed in the language. Daniel Webster was the most notorious drunkard in the United States of America, but what has that to do with the matchless rhythm of the reply to Hayne or the speech in the Knight case? It is on record that Ulysses S. Grant was known as the "drunken tanner of Galena," and that Abraham Lincoln said that if he could just find out the brand of liquor that Grant used he would send a barrel to every general in the army. And it is told with some degree of apocryphal truth that Napoleon used to take on a small bottle of brandy once in a while. It is notorious that Grover Cleveland used to take a drink once in a while and a good sized one at that. And we could elaborate the list into the thousands. It is not the man who counts so much as what the man does. Is it good or bad? Is it for the benefit of the man in the street or is it for the detriment of all classes of society? That is the thing to be considered. Men are merely ephemeral things. They are the creatures of the moment. They are here today and yonder tomorrow. They are alive today and dead next week. But principles which make for the welfare of nations are eternal and they go on through generation after generation till the end of time. The ship fired at Lexington was heard around the world, but who knows who fired that shot? The Declaration of Independence was the result of the conference of many men. The Magna Charta was not the work of just one individual, but the concentrated and concrete effect of years and years of agitation by numberless individuals. The constitution of the United States has been more than one hundred years in the making.

Why take individuals into account? What does it matter whether the man Robespierre was a saint or a sinner? When Editor Moroney shall have lain the grave for many, many years, when even his epitaph shall have been washed away by the relentless tide of time there will arise the same questions, perhaps which now perplex and confuse him and which press for settlement. And perhaps the conspicuous commentators of a later day will just be as full of the weaknesses of intellect as are the geniuses of today. We only hope that the Okmulgee Democrat will practice what it preaches.

This Paris paper that prints a story of the Prince of Wales having "cussed out" the motorman of a truck that collided with his automobile must want the kid's mamma to order him home.

Either congressmen are becoming wiser or lazier—the record of house bills introduced in this congress is more than eight thousand behind that of the last.

Now the German ambassador to the United States is accused of having treated another man's book as just "a scrap of paper" and annexed part of it.

Some thrifty folk may see a tip for us in Russia's swapping an island to Japan for big guns—we're overstocked with islands, but not with guns.

Of course the commander of an American warship who threatened to bombard a Turkish port wasn't acting on orders from Washington.

None of the ten-dollar gold pieces sent by John D. Rockefeller to hello girls had been returned as "tainted" when we went to press.

It's a cinch 1915 can't be a more promising year than 1914 has been, but we can all hope that more of them will be made good.

Seems to be only a matter of time when Bryan will own a home in every state—his latest purchase is in North Carolina.

Nothing short of actual war will convince a lot of people that military training for our young men is a valuable asset.

Atlantic city's new mayor's talk of running the resort "wide open" makes a noise like advertising for next summer.

Dr. Oster should have been the partner of the Jersey woman who danced at her one hundredth birthday party.

Maybe some of Mexico's skidoing generals have located in the Philippines.

One best resolution for congress: Avoid extra session or bust.

Senators always were finicky about opposing their own pie.

City News In Brief

THE BODY OF IRA FOG, who died mysteriously at a local rooming house last week, was yesterday shipped for burial to Fort Worth, Tex., where the deceased had relatives.

A SOCIAL HOUR was spent by the men's Bible class of the First M. E. church in the church building last evening. Refreshments were served, after which the evening was spent with a program of entertaining stunts, including music and story telling.

C. F. HOPKINS of Sapulpa, superintendent of the Frisco system, and P. L. Howard of Parsons, Kan., traveling freight agent of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, comprised the railroad officials who reported in Tulsa yesterday.

"SUPPORT THE CITY that supports you. Believe in Tulsa. Support home industries and merchants and we will have permanent prosperity." This is the billboard display which has recently been posted in all parts of the city through the enterprise of Ben F. Finney.

ROY SCALLES, well-known oil scout, who died Wednesday night at his home here, will be buried this afternoon. Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. at the First Christian church, conducted by Reverend Taubman. Interment will be made in Oaklawn cemetery. The Masons of the city will have charge of the services at the grave.

CHARLES BOWMAN, aged 55, a farmer, whose home was seven miles southeast of Tulsa, died suddenly at his home Thursday night. A disease of the heart was the cause of his death. The funeral will be held either Monday or Tuesday. Interment will be in the Holy Family cemetery. The deceased is survived by a wife and 10 children.

THE CHARITABLY inclined passion of Foster N. Burns, police officer, to feed and entertain the poor kiddies of the city was again given vent when he took some thirty-five hungry newbies to a restaurant on South Boston yesterday at noon. After he had stuffed the kiddies to their capacity he took them to the movies. This was his New Year's stunt, duplicating that of Christmas day.

AN OLD MAN, friendless and helpless, who gave his name as Cal Schenberger, taken into the care of the county temporary hospital last Sunday, died of Bright's disease early this morning. His age was given as 56. He claimed to have had relatives in Indiana and Arkansas. If no word is received from his relatives during the interim he will be buried in the potter's field some time today. The body is being held by the Mowbray Undertaking company.

TWO LADS without home and "broke" applied at the police station for a place to spend the night late Thursday afternoon. They gave their names as Harry Price, aged 14, and Jacob Jenkins, aged 16. Price said that his parents live at Neosho, Mo., while Jenkins asserted that he had no parents, although formerly he lived with his aunt and uncle at Greensborough, Ind. They were on their way to Neosho when they got stranded here Wednesday and continued toward that goal after released yesterday morning.

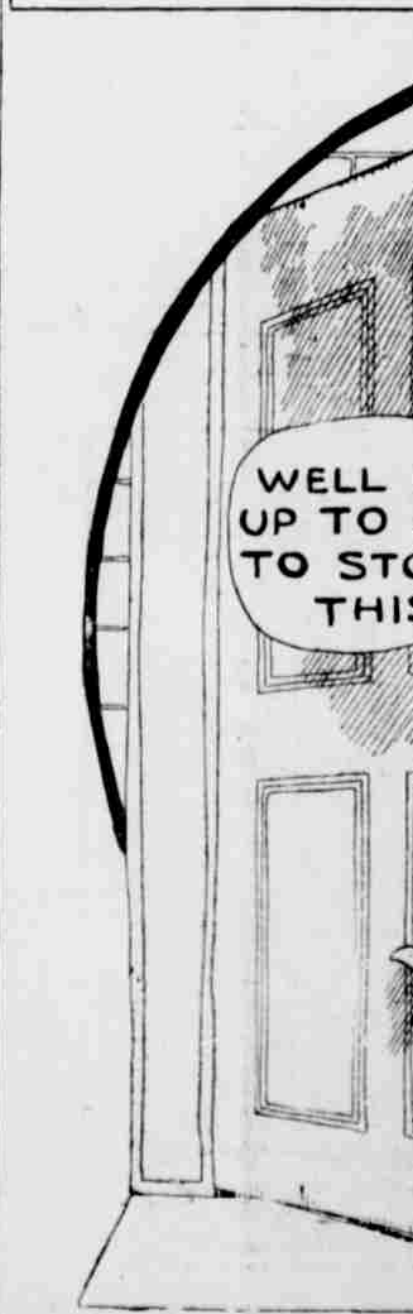
FORCE AND INTELLIGENCE.

Militarism Is Brain Product Beyond Control.

Every sane person knows that it is a greater thing to build a city than to bombard it, to plow a field than to trample it, to serve mankind than to conquer it. And yet once the armies get loose, the terrific noise and shock of war make all that was valuable seem pale and dull and sentimental. Trenches and shrapnel, howitzers and forts, marching and charging and seizing—these seem real, these seem to be men's work. But subtle calculations in a laboratory, or the careful planning of streets and sanitation, or the schools, things which constitute the great peaceful adventure of democracy, seem to sink to so much whimpering utility.

Who cares to paint a picture now, or to write any poetry, but to master it only by clarifying their own mind values to prefer the plowshare. That is why civilization seems dull.

HE WILL HAVE HIS HANDS FULL!



THE MODEL CLOTHIERS

Semi-Annual Sale of Hirsh-Wickwire Suits and Overcoats

Is Now in Progress

\$15.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$11.25	\$30.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$22.45
\$18.50 Suits and Overcoats	\$13.45	\$35.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$26.65
\$20.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$14.75	\$40.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$29.75
\$25.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$18.65	\$50.00 Suits and Overcoats	\$37.50

Get Your Pick Before the Choicest Patterns are Picked Over

1-4 Off Boys' Clothing and Mackinaws

struction of matter? It seems like fiddling when Rome burns. Or to edit a magazine—of cover paper with ink, to care about hopes that have gone stale, to launch phrases that are lost in the uproar! What is the good now of thinking? What is a critic compared to a battalion of infantry? This is a time for action, any kind of action! So, without a murmur, the laboratories of Europe are commandeered as hospitals, a thousand half finished experiments abandoned. There was more for the future of the world in those experiments than we dare to calculate. They are tossed aside. The best scholarship has turned press agent to the general staff. The force of labor is absorbed, the great plans built on the surplus of wealth are dropped, for the armies have to be financed. Merely to exist has become a problem, to live finely seems to many a derelict hope.

Yet the fact remains that the final argument against cannon is ideas. The thought of men which seems so feeble are the only weapons they have against overwhelming force. It was a brain that conceived the gun, it was brains that organized the armies, it was the triumph of physics and chemistry that made possible the dreadnought. Men organized this superb destruction; they created this force, thought it, dreamed it, planned it. It has got beyond their control. It has got into the service of hidden forces they do not understand. Men can take a critical understanding of their own will to end it, and making a civilization so thoroughly under their control that no machine can turn traitor to it. For, while it takes as much skill to make a sword as a plowshare, it takes a critical understanding of human values to prefer the plowshare. That is why civilization seems dull.

Delinquency and Precocity.

We have heard so much for the last few years, both in an educational way and in the discussions of juvenile delinquency, concerning the subnormal child, its individual dangers, its menaces to other children and to society if overlooked, that we have forgotten, if we ever knew, that there is such a problem as the precocious childhood of our age. It would seem but natural that parents who have children who seem advanced for their years in mental alertness and intelligence should congratulate themselves on the fact that their children, if not positive geniuses, are above the average, rather than below—nearly having been laid on the undesirability of the latter class. But a California professor of child psychology, who has been undertaking researches in the Binet scale for measuring the intelligence of school children, seems to think the parents of just average children are the ones to be congratulated; that precocity has its dangers, as well as subnormality; indeed, that the precocious child, if not properly handled, is very likely to fall into a state of chronic dullness at a critical age, from which it is impossible to arouse it; or,

on the other hand, to become morbid, irritable, excitable and later on, even insane. Therefore, he thinks the precocious child should be the object of as much solicitude as the backward child, and that it should be subjected to psychological and medical study.

All of the students of child welfare deplore the precocity of the age as manifested in children. Compared with country-bred children, Professor Terman seems to think there are few real children in our cities; they are small adults. They read the same books, go to the same plays, and attend the same sort of parties and balls the grown ups do. Their senses are so stimulated by the rush, excitement, diversions and distractions of city life, in which they are allowed to imitate the participation of adults, that the senses are awakened prematurely, before the mind is stabilized or the character is formed. This mania for sense satisfaction awakens life, then precociously to sensuous life, and results in early maturity. Comparative investigations of city and country-bred children show that the former have been robbed of from a year to a year and a half of adolescence.—Ex.

The Golden Corn Crop.

The final government report on corn shows that the American farmer will get a greater total of money for his crop than ever before. Production is a trifle under the average, but the price is high.

Corn is the universal American product. It is produced in more counties than any other staple. Many people think of it as a lazy man's crop. They point to the indolent Indians, who grew and thrived on it for centuries before the pale-face invaded their slackly tilled fields. Yet the fact that the bulk of the crop is raised on moderate sized farms is significant. The shifting and more or less ignorant gangs of farm help on which the big wheat farm or cotton plantation must depend do not usually get the best results on corn. It is a crop that requires close and thoughtful attention.

Corn is a great democratic food product and back-yard staple for the poor man. Countless families lived through the earlier days, when white flour was a luxury, on Johnny cake, hoe cake, hasty pudding, and other cookery from corn.

There is an old rustic yarn about a father and mother who were called away by illness of a relative, leaving a family of children at home. They had left little food and less money in the house, but a field of corn. When the old people came back, there was no money in the house, but there was a heap of corn cobs in the back yard, and the children were as fat and rosy as pigs.

Experts on corn culture are not yet satisfied with the present corn-raising methods. They feel that growers are too sure that the soil is not being exhausted. In rich corn country, farmers sometimes take stable manure and dump it into holes in the roads, or anything to get rid of it. Even the richest corn field is not a gold mine. Something ought to be put back.—Springfield Republican.

Biggest Bird's Nest of All.

The builder of the biggest nest in the world is the Australian mallee hen, a bird considerably smaller than a domestic turkey. The nest is used year after year, and as many as twenty or thirty pairs of birds use the same nest at one time. It is not uncommon to find 100 eggs in a nest, and these are very good for cooking purposes. A large mound of earth is scratched together by the birds, the center being filled with birds, and on these the eggs are laid. They are then covered with more leaves and earth, and the cares of the parent birds are ended. They do not sit on the eggs at all, as the spontaneous combustion of the heat for incubation. The chickens are able to run about and find food for themselves from the time they are hatched. The mallee hen is a very shy bird and is seldom seen near any habitation.—Strand.

For Old Ladies.

Old Gentlemen—There is something wrong about that slot machine in there. It claims to tell your correct age. I am over 70, and it made me out 55.

Hotel Clerk—That machine is for ladies only.